

The Pocahontas Times.

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#1 00 A Year

A WEST VIRGINIA BOOK

The best seller this season among the new books is the novel "Queed," by Henry S. Jordan Harrison, of Charleston.

Having suffered considerably by several best sellers in late years of the "Calling of Dan Mathews" and the "Winning of Barbara Worth" style, I was somewhat slow in tackling "Queed," but having in the course of human events got down to it one day, when it is forbidden to work, I undertook to read it and did not put it down until it was finished.

It is, of course, built around a pretty girl and a remarkable man. Robert Louis Stevenson was the only man that could write a book without a woman in it. See his book, "Kidnapped," though its sequel "David Balfour" more than makes up for the handicap he assumed in the first of the series. Sharlee (Charlotte Lee Weyland is the girl.) sounds like Virginia. She lived in a town that appears to have been something like a cross between Charleston and Richmond. Her aunt took boarders. She was a charming young person, but of strictly business qualities. One of her duties was to fire delinquent boarders or make them pay up. Other times she worked in a department of charities.

One day she was required to go to the boarding house and put the comelighter on a strange young man who had come from New York and had not paid any board though he had been there nine weeks.

Here she meets this man Queed, a young studious person in eye glasses, who is writing a work on Sociology. The remarkable man has been working by the following schedule:

- 8:20 Breakfast
- 8:40 Evolutionary Sociology
- 1:30 Dinner
- 2 Evolutionary Sociology
- 8 Supper
- 7:20 to 1:30 Evolutionary Sociology

He has never done anything but read and study. At the age of six he had learned to read from a copy of a newspaper, at eight he was reading in the public libraries and writing. At eleven he had been the author of one volume history of the world and at twenty four was noted for his abstruse essays upon human life.

But he had no money and the girl got him a position as editorial writer on the Post. His articles were profound and dry as dust. He was about to lose his position chiefly because he despised all that was not science, when the girl told him that he was a butterfly and a trifle. That as a human being he was a failure. That he was a failure as a sociologist, being as he was wholly without relation to real life. She told him that his cosmos was ego. She talked plainly to him, as if she was already married to him.

After this the Little Doctor (Queed) out of his abundant talent learns to wear nice clothes: write five editorials; get a smattering of parlor manners; takes exercise and gradually transforms himself into a human being and falls in love with the girl and eventually marries with her, and gets to be editor of the Post.

Charles Gardiner West is a character who listens to vague promises of political preferment from the city boss and writes an editorial which plays the wild with the legislature. He lays it on the Little Doctor and nearly gets the girl.

The villain is Henry B. Surface, who in politics seems to be a cross between Roger A. Pryor and John S. Wise, and whose honesty is not to be compared to anyone. The Little Doctor, very much to his surprise and disgust, turns out to be Henry B. Surface, Jr.

Behemoth: Is not a utilitarian dog, but a big, beautiful, pleasure dog.

Major Brooke, an old Virginian who says: "Gentleman, I shook my finger in his face and said, 'Sir, I never yet met a Republican who was not a rōgué!' Yes, sir,

that is just what I told him." And "Look at Henry G. Surface! the finest fellow God ever made, till the palsied hand of Republicanism fell upon him!"

Laura, the colored cook: "I declare Miss Sharley, it do look like, when you got a beau, and he want to marry you, and all the time axin' and coaxin' an' beguin' you to get a div-o'ce, it do look like he ought to pay for the div-o'ce."

Mary, the housemaid: "Yassah, she's in. Won't you rest your coat, Mr. West!"

Sharlee to the Little Doctor: "Don't you like being with me? Don't you get a great deal of pleasure from my society?"

"Yes,—I get pleasure from your society."

The admission turned him rather white, but he saved himself by instantly flinging at her, "However, I am no hedonist."

Sharlee retired to look up hedonist in the dictionary.

Sharlee to her mother: "Mother, don't you understand? I'm a democrat."

"It is not the thing," said Mrs. Weyland, with some asperity, "for a lady to be."

The way that the author has the Little Doctor discard his eyeglasses together with his other peculiarities is ingenious: "You see those spectacles, striking looking as they were, were only window glass. I bought them at a ten cent store when I was twelve years old. All the regulars at the Astor Library wore them. At the time it seemed to be the thing to do, and of course they soon became second nature to me."

On the whole, this book with a queer title is all right and well worth reading, whether you want to read about love, politics, sociology or excitement. We should be glad that it came from West Virginia, even if it does sound like old Virginia.

DUNMORE

We have plenty of ice water at this time.

The Price and Hevener boys left last week for school at Lewisburg.

Williams and Higgins have about finished their jobs of sawing near town.

Brooks & Campbell are doing lots of skidding this cold weather.

The last report from Frank Patterson he was getting along nicely. Mrs. J. W. Rilew is also improving.

We would have liked to see the county court go straight across the ford at Slavens Saturday. There is a good ice bridge there now; but Oh, last Saturday!

The Burning Mountain Oil & Gas Company at Greenbank has resumed work and the boring is going on nicely and they have struck cold weather whether they ever strike oil or gas.

James Stretch has opened hotel at Greenbank.

W. W. Galford took a four horse load of hogs to Marlinton last week—18, butchered.

F. R. Pritchard and lady spent a week in town.

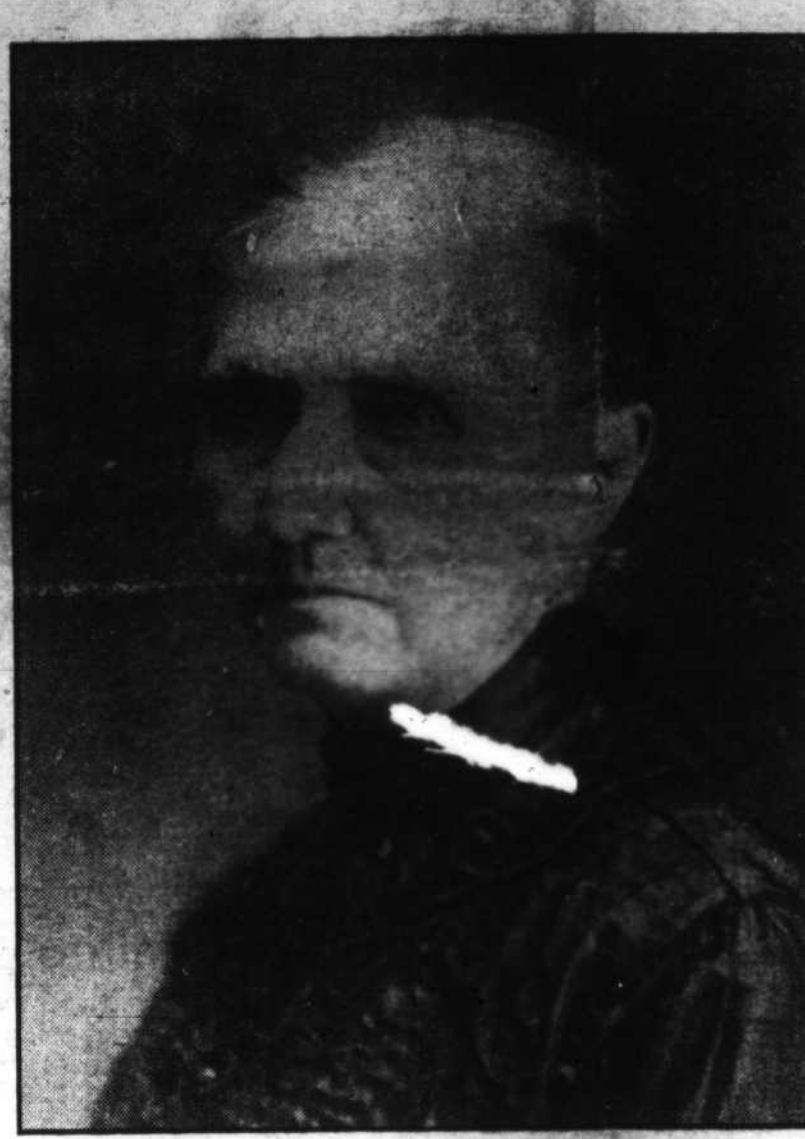
Mrs. C. B. Swecker was the lucky one to draw the fine set of dishes at Frost. She will return by her old home, Richmond, Va. this week or next.

Mrs. Ed Smith died at her home Thursday the 4th, near Boyer, aged about 35 years. She was a good christian woman. She leaves a husband and two children, father and mother, sisters and brothers and friends to mourn her loss. She was buried on her father's farm near Boyer, Sunday. Funeral service was conducted by Rev. John Hevener.

Lots of ice is being stored away for next summer.

Swecker has received a nice stock of bed springs and mattresses for the cold weather.

Frost can boast of having the nearest and finest school house in the county—a building that any neighborhood ought to be proud of, a fine tin roof that will last and a beautiful tower.



Mrs. Eliza Ann Arbogast

Eliza Ann Arbogast, daughter John Jr. and Margaret Yeager, was born on Buffalo Mountain, (then Virginia) West Virginia, July 3, 1839. On November 8, 1860, she was united in marriage to Mr. A. M. V. Arbogast whose genial companionship she had for fifty-one long years while in health and vigor, and his unremitting care and love through her last illness to the closing hours of life.

Under the ministry of Rev. H. M. Strickler while pastor of Greenbank circuit, she accepted Jesus as her Savior and united with the M. E. Church, South, of which she was a consistent member to the close of life.

On December 15, 1911, she went home to glory from the home of her brother Mr. Brown Yeager, Marlinton, West Virginia, to which place she had gone on a visit. To her the end came as peacefully as the setting of an autumn sun.

That which most impressed the writer of this article was her personal trust in God. It was strong, clear, restful, satisfactory, undisturbed by pleasure or pain, life or death. She was the eldest of a family of eleven children. Seven of these with her parents preceded her to the grave. She had an implicit faith in God which bore her up as she went through these sore bereavements.

Her quiet, cheerful disposition and her devotion to the right won all hearts and inspired others to a higher plane of living. She was always "Aunt Eliza" to everyone. One who knew her intimately, says: "The thing about her nature that I especially loved was that welcome she so naturally gave to everyone. It was just the same always whether a friend or a mere acquaintance, and even the tramp. She gave just as freely to one as to the other. I often thought of her in connection with the passage, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.' It was this trait of hers that made so many feel at home with her." Her life was the kind the Master called great—a life devoted to the good of others. She kept abreast of what her church was doing. The writer knew Sister Arbogast before becoming her pastor, and has had her write for a copy of the conference minutes. Sometimes she would get two copies, one for herself and one for a relative. She left the greatest possible legacy to the church, to her relatives and to the world—the legacy of a good life well spent. She had her convictions, and the courage of them as every sane person ought to have. Her remarkable memory and the number of people she knew are things remarked by many.

Besides her husband she is survived by two brothers and one sister, B. M. Yeager of Marlinton, P. M. Yeager, of Bartow, and Mrs. J. O. Beard, of Arbovale. Also Dr. Clyde Beard, of Wyoming and Mrs. Veva Ledbetter Bledsoe, nephew and niece respectively, to whom she was a mother having taken them at an early age when their mother died.

In the presence of a large congregation her funeral services were conducted in the church near her home, Thornwood, W. Va., by her pastor, Rev. H. Q. Burr, assisted by Rev. H. Blackhurst, of the M. E. Church.

A host of loved ones are sad because they miss her cheerful presence. May the "God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, comfort those whose hearts are so sad because of the going away of this loved one.

We append a hymn which sometime before her death she requested should be sung at her funeral.

"Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand around my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone."

"Plant ye a tree that may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing ye a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone."

"Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Breathe not a sigh for the bless'd early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share,
Look ye on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, I am gone."

HER PASTOR.

William J. Bryan declares he cannot conceive any condition that would make it possible for me to consider the question of my becoming a candidate for the presidential nomination.

Fire, put under the water tank at Beard to prevent freezing, burned the scaffolding under the tank Tuesday morning so much that the tank fell across the railway track, delaying traffic a short time.

FROM IOWA.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

As to your request that we drop you a few lines on our return from the most enjoyable visit of our life—a visit long to be remembered and never forgotten.

Will say that to make a personal acknowledgement of all the benefactions and the benevolent disposition of each and every one with whom we met, also the royal manner in which we were entertained and dined, and the glad hand extended, in East and West Virginia, and especially all through Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties during our stay with those people, would I am sure, consume the entire space of at least one issue of your paper.

During my first visit to my first visit to my native state two years ago, after an absence of nearly forty-two years, I met with this same warm reception, at the hands of this same people, and during the on coming contest should President Taft, make his appearance in your midst, and he is shown more attention than was extended to the writer on my first visit to my native home, our hat is off to Wm. H.

Of course we will admit no matter as to what your reputation was in your "boyhood days" and making no denial of our friend and schoolmate, Samuel B. Moore's assertion that we still hold the laurel branch and championship of Pocahontas county, as having once built the tallest four panel rail pen ever erected in West Virginia, and as the writer has always found S. B. to be a man of his word, you will all do us a favor to entertain no doubt as to anything he tells you regarding our past history. Forty-two years as I say has much to do with covering up the past, and kindling the fire of hope for our better behavior.

And here and now, should any reader of your paper call to memory a single word, act or deed through which I have at any time in my past life caused them sorrow grief or sadness of heart, we will trust to their forgiving natures, and try and do better in time to come.

Forty-four years ago the 17th of last December I bought a Barlow knife and some other necessary equipments for going out among the Indians, and settled up some small accounts with George P. Moore, then in the old store building that still remains standing in front of the present home of Mrs. Rankin Poage, at Eday, and walked all the way to Grafton through snow, slush and mud, on the way to Iowa, carrying a hand trunk weighing 35 pounds, which carefully packed, contained all my real and personal property at that time. And going Walter Allen's security for his statement to me during my first visit east, that with the exception of George Auldridge, none of the Virginia people who came to Iowa in those days, have bettered themselves financially or any other way.

Granting all this to be true, Taylor Moore and Levi Waugh will, I am sure, tell you that I am still holding my own, as I hadn't much of this world's collateral to lose. I landed at uncle A. E. Young's at old Inland, Iowa, between Xmas and New Years, 1867, with \$2.50 and invested this capital in some underwear, postage stamps and stationery, etc. with which to write back to the boys and girls of my native home, under the post marks of A. E. Young, postmaster at Inland for over thirty years or thereabouts.

This I thought sufficient to convince one from Mo. or any other locality that I had arrived at my destination, notwithstanding the prediction of my old chums that I would return to the old stamping ground by the first Saturday night after the start.

Flying machines, automobiles and motor cycles were not so much in evidence in those days. Still we must expect some advancement in these forty-four years. When Millboro, some forty miles distant, was our nearest railway

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

AFTER CHRISTMAS

Now Christmas is gone,
And the children are sick;
The grim-on-star rocket
Lies there just a stick:
While candies and "goodies" go begging around,
And the grand Christmas-tree, is tossed to the ground.

The mothers are tired
With the servants at play;
And the fathers feel poor.
With such long bills to pay:
Yes, truly comes Christmas but once in a year,
And that is enough for the pleasure and cheer.

The water pipes burst,
And the cook-stoves, we're told;
The milk is all frozen.
While Christmas is cold:
And leaves of dry holly like tacks strew the floor,
For hapless night walker to step on and roar.

Sunshine hath shadow,
That is good for the soul;
The racer must run,
If he reaches the goal:
And Christmas is "merry" with all its defects,
But we're willing to wait a whole year for the next.

P. L. A.

SCHOOL REPORT

Report of Cass school for fourth month ending Dec. 29, 1911.

Primary room—Miss Jessie Willett, teacher. Enrollment: boys 16, girls 16, total 32; percent of attendance, boys 95, girls 93, total 94. Those neither absent nor tardy: Curtis Anderson, Warren Blackhurst, Lester Conard, June Daley, Harry Korra, Walter Hill, Carl McAninch, Judson Heaster, Eunice Hall, Thelma Keise, Rose Penington, Florence Nethkin, Lena Duffey, Colleen Siple, Gretchen Williams.

Intermediate room—Miss Mary H. Kincaid, teacher: Enrollment: boys 18, girls 19, total 37. Percent of attendance, boys 96, girls 90, total 93. Those neither absent nor tardy: Luther Alexander, Leon Cooper, Ray Heaster, Leod Anderson, Joe Nethken, Harry Nethkin, Willie Blackhurst, Teddy Blackhurst, Warren Oliver, Lelice Heaster, Elizabeth Bullivant, Frieda Williams, Sallie O'Brien, Alice Byrd, Beulah Brill, Evelyn Stitzinger, Vera Siple, Gladys Kern, Birdie Loury, Madeline Fuhrman, Mamie Byrd, Maud Smith.

Upper room—Jasper Bond, teacher: Enrollment: boys 10, girls 15, total 25. Percent of attendance: boys 93, girls 95; total 94. Those neither absent nor tardy: Henry Blackhurst, Victor Blackhurst, Elmer Heaster, Perry Alderman, Max O'Brien, Bessie Harouff, Audra Clark, Evelyn Graham, Kathrynne Graham, Valley Nethken Marie Fuhrman.

We have forty-eight on the Honor Roll for the month but we expect to have a much larger number next month. School is progressing nicely. Visitors are always welcome.
JASPER BOND, Principal.

The Teachers' Reading Circle of Greenbank, on Saturday, January 6, 1912, had a good turnout although the day was extremely cold and rough. The following teachers were present: Flossie Conard, Murrell Wilsson, Mae Little, Mary Gladwell, Zelina Powell, Creola Kimmel, Jasper Bond, Clarence Everett, Ervin Dorsey, D. J. VanDevander. There were several visitors present.

The following topics were discussed: The Teachers' preparation of the lesson, How to correct a bad Lesson, How to assign a lesson, Importance of home study, To what extent should the teacher use the text book in presenting the lesson to the class, Neglect of proper training in our schools, Some bad habits and how to correct them, Why school government has become more humane, Importance of good order.

The teachers were enthusiastic and all took an active part in all the work. This was one of our best meetings and it is hoped that many were benefited. Our next meeting will be held at Cass and will be fully announced later. As our regular chairman and secretary failed to "show up" we elected a full staff of officers. We believe in the "recall" when an officer proves to be a selfish "weakling."

Ervin Dorsey, Chairman.
D. J. VanDevander, Secretary.

Dead letter list for week ending January 13, 1912.

Hook, Owen
Kaiser, Charlie
Smith, G. N.
Will be sent to dead letter office January 27, 1912.

A. S. Overholt, P. M.

(Continued to second page)